

The Ohio Democrat.

"Ubi libertas, ibi patria."—Cicero.—WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY.

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CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) DECEMBER 11, 1840.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 66.

BEAUTY SLEEPING.

She slept Along her arm of snow,
Her cheek of rose serenely laid,
While wavy curls heav'd to and fro,
At every sigh her breathings made;
The very breeze which pass'd along
Went o'er her couch with gentler air,
As loth to wake with pinion strong,
The thing of joy that slumber'd there.

She slept! The thin transparent lid
Cur'd calmly o'er her eye of blue;
But tho' the earthly orb was hid,
The spirit light still struggled thro',
While o'er her lip unconscious wrought
A quivering pulse which went & came
As if some dream renewed the thought
The waking hour had ceased to name.

She slept! And as the wandering eye
Of moonlight kiss'd her forehead pale,
Bright transient! nothing loth to gaze
On charms which night forgot to veil!
He marvel'd not, why shapes of air,
Blest works which once in heav'n had shone
Exsuptured with a form so fair,
For woman's home had left their own.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

A writer in a western paper, who was a staff officer in a volunteer corps called out by the patriotic proclamation of General Smith, gives an account of diverse causes—other than the love of country, the love of glory, or the love of fight which induced men to leave their homes and their friends for the field of battle and chances of war. One of these heroes discoursed to the following effect:

"If Hannah had been so snappish, and made me do all the milking and churning tow, I should never have been here. She told me she guessed I'd be sorry I'd listed; but she drove me to distraction. I'd rather stand the bowlets than her eternal clatter of tongue, knives and forks and tin things. If she is a wider it's all her own fault. Tell her I dew dream about her and the baby sometimes. I kalkulate all things are foreordained to all eternity, and if I die in fight, I shant have the expense to pay off a long spell of sickness; good by, Ephraim; you han't got more tobacco than will dew you hum have ye!"

"Tell Sally," says another, who was leaning on his musket to ease his blistered feet and festered hand at the same time, "tell the cruel girl, that I fell in battle it is all her fault; that I wish her all the felicity in the world, with Sam John son who never can love her as I did. Here look at this," and he drew something from his bosom 'her profile is close to my heart, and my blood may redder it. Take care of my mug, and dont lend it for Christmas sleigh rides. Tell Sally I do forgive her when she said me at singing school; but I never shall forget it."

Ain't it curious, You may meet with twenty men in a day who stutter, and did you ever hear of a woman who had an impediment in her speech? Well, well, delect the poor women alone. It is the only weapon they know how to use properly. Ex. paper

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—In Genoa there are marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections, and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

IMPORTANT FACT.—The sum annually expended on bread by the population of the three kingdoms amounts to about twenty-five millions of money, while that expended in strong drink amounts to upwards of fifty millions sterling per annum. The money spent in gin only would supply the population of the kingdom with bread for half a year.—Boston Free Press.

AVARICE.—One of the best illustrations of avarice we ever heard of, is that contained in an old caricature, which represents the "Old Boy" carrying a Dutchman down to his regions, and while on the way the Hollander is making propositions to his Satanic Majesty to supply him with coal!

There is now living in Moscow, Russia, a widow, in the 157th year of her age. She has been five times married, the fifth time when she was 123 years of age! Oh, Lord!

ANTIQUITIES.—Mont men have a great affection for antiquities, but there is one species of antiquity that all unite in pronouncing unbearable, viz. old maids.

CENSUS OF OHIO. It is ascertained that the population of Ohio is but a fraction less than 1,800,000. This will make her the third State in the Union in point of population.—N. York and Pennsylvania only having a greater.

IMPERIENCE.—A fellow down east, defines a woman, to be a "sign to hang Dry Goods on."

THE EARLY FEDERALISTS AND DEMOCRATS.—Livingston acknowledged that the federal party, during the period when he held a seat in Congress, could boast a longer array of distinguished orators than the democratic party numbered in its ranks.—"We had no orator," he said "to compare with Fisher Ames, in all that regards that description of eloquence which moves the passions, and which carries away the mind, by the splendor of its language. No jurist among us could claim to rank with Marshall. But we had on our side the logic of our opinions, in perfect harmony with our national origin and when the spirit of the constitution was to be analyzed to shed light upon the occasionally obscure consciousness of that same constitution, in whose elucidations of the provisions of that compact did the nation repose a more religious faith, than in those of Madison? Moreover, history will acquit me of the suspicion of partiality toward the men of my own political opinions, since it will tell that it was among them that the nation has chosen, almost in succession, four of our most illustrious Presidents. In advancing the assertion, that it was in the democratic party that were found the men the best adapted to public affairs, the closest in sympathy with the affections of the people, the most profoundly imbued with the moving principles of our revolution, and of the war that made it triumphant."

I cannot, in fact, conceive what would have become of our institutions reduced to the proportions that the federalists wished to assign them. The general government, still in its political infancy, had not yet, indeed, acquired any influence upon public opinion. It was not it that had directed the great struggle of our independence. Several illustrious men, of those who had been the most distinguished both in the council and the camp, were found invested with federal functions; but a greater number remained at the head of the State sovereignties. And then, far more than at the present day, in the event of a collision between the federal government and the authorities of a State, the popular sympathies would incline in favor of the municipal government, of the power, daily and locally familiar, against what was distant, abstract, so to speak—acting only from afar, and at rare intervals. Strange as it may seem, it has been precisely the Presidents who have been elevated to power by the party aiming to strengthen the federal principle; who have been the most timid of its application in difficult circumstances, and in collisions that have occurred, whether of authority or of jurisdiction. And the reason of this anomaly is this, that the people, free, from distrust of the men they have themselves raised to the Chief Magistracy of the Union, in full confidence in their respect for sovereignty of the States, could view without alarm, acts of energy, necessary to the maintenance of the federal bond in its legitimate action.

Measures of the same character, pursued by a federalist President, would have been more minutely scrutinized; more suspiciously judged, both as to the occasion and the mode of execution. And, indeed, on great occasions, when the federal compact did not afford the means of action, as on that of the acquisition of Louisiana, with respect to its annexation to the Union; on the footing of the original States—the Adamses, and perhaps Washington himself, would have shrunk before a difficulty which did not arrest Jefferson, confident as he was of rearing on the support of the popular opinion. That same latitude of action permitted to a democratic President, by the tacit assent of the people, to measures which it knows to be in the interest of its own cause, we have seen equally extended, both by the nation itself and by its representatives, to General Jackson in the last war. No one doubted the pure democracy of his principles, no one mistook the true motive of his acts; and when a few judges, a few lawyers, a few State authorities, raised their cries of alarm over the violation of some constitutional provisions, the people, with unanimous voice, decreed him a bill of indemnity for all his acts, in advance of that which was afterward voted to him by the Congress of the United States.—Democratic Review for October.

CAN'T SWALLOW IT, NO HOW.—The Picayune furnishes the following characteristic discussion upon an occult subject, between two cloudy disputants. The question was whether does the sun or a patent lever watch keep the best time. One of the darkies contended that the watch was decidedly the best chronometer, for by simply winding it up it went day and night, whereas the sun was not to be seen at all at night, and no one could tell how it went or whether it went at all. The other argued that it went by night as well as by day, and that the reason it was not seen was very evident to the world, he said, put the sun in its job at night, to prevent its works getting rusted with dew. At this logic his opponent gave a loud ya. ha, who'd!

"All that ere gammon may do for white folks," said he, "but 'telligent colored man won't b'lieve it—you can't git dis chile to swallow it, no how."

Let your food, living and a page be plain and costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in your house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture, have as few parties as possible, be careful as to speculation, and never extend your means, never aspire to be holders in Banks, Railways, &c. have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character, be determined to refuse all offers of partnership, be careful as to lending money, being bound with others, avoid all law suits, keep your books posted, and look well to your customers, bring up your family to economy and industry; if you observe those things, you will always be able with good fortune to pay your debts.—[Livesey's Letter Linings.

AMBITION.

BY MISS C. F. JOLLEY.

"I charge thee, fling away ambition."

It was one of autumn's loveliest evenings. The full moon threw her trembling light over the delectable beauties of nature, and gave the scene around, the melancholy appearance of the house of death, lighted up in splendid magnificence. No sound disturbed the solemn calmness that reigned around save the slight rustling of the withered leaf as it laid itself at rest on the lap of earth.

I walked on and paused not, until I found myself under the dark shade of a tall cypress that cast its funeral gloom over the resting place of one of the loveliest beings on earth. The wet grass had not yet woven its thick veil over her lonely bed, and the dark weed told that the first wound of separation was not yet healed. A few short weeks had only elapsed since she was living, lovely and beautiful, yet not happy, for secret grief like a canker worm, deep and hidden from mortal eyes, was silently gnawing away each tender chord of her heart. She had loved; with all the warmth and fervor of woman's deep and lasting devotion, had she poured forth her pure fount of affection. The object of her love, in every respect worthy the admiration of her fond heart, had repaid her affection with the same constancy and devotion.

Charles was one of earth's noblest beings, yet fortune had never smiled upon him; his was not the lot of the wealthy but he believed an honest and virtuous mind, the noblest work of God. In the confidence of success he made known his heart to her father and solicited of him his dearest earthly treasure. But who can paint the agony that seized his mind on being told by her father, that his Mary never should marry other than a son of affluence, and forbid him ever again addressing his daughter.

With a heavy heart he sought the object of his fondest love, and made known to her the hopelessness of his situation. She was alone in the little arbor where in their happier hours they had often met but never before had a cloud of sorrow darkened the brow of either. Hitherto their path had been all sunshine and joy and the thorns that had encumbered it were hidden by the bright flowers of hope. A tear started into Mary's eyes, as she thought of the baseness of the principle of her father in refusing an alliance with a virtuous man because fame and affluence were not his. But thinking perhaps her father would relent she ventured to speak one word of hope and tell him, that the time would come when with her father's approbation, she would become his. "Never—!" exclaimed a voice near them, "sooner shalt thou wed death!" Mary recognized the voice of her father, and sprung like a frightened fawn from her seat. He entered the arbor & in a furious voice bidding Charles instantly to leave his grounds, took his daughter by the arm and led her away. Charles sat for a moment chained to the spot in astonishment and grief, then hastily springing from his seat he exclaimed, "But she shall be mine. For her will I seek wealth and fame!" He returned to his room and hastily acquainted Mary with his design. At ten on that evening he took a seat in the stage and was wheeled rapidly away from his native home, and dearest earthly joy, to seek advancement in a cold and heartless world. Weeks and months passed away, but brought Mary no tidings of Charles. Often had he addressed her but his epistles together with the one acquainting her with his departure fell into the hands of her father who deemed it wise policy to give them as food to the devouring flame. Mary pined in secret. The cause of her grief she told to none; but it was evident that her soul was fast ading away. Her spirit was fading from the earth like the odour of some sweet flower, wafted by the gentle breeze from its desert home. The buoyancy and electricity of her step was gone, and the roses that bloomed on her cheek

had yielded their rich color for the pale hues of the lily. But still her heart was true to the star of its worship; still did she hope that Charles would return and still did she cherish the fond belief that he could not forget.

She steadily refused the addresses of several gentlemen whose suits her father urged her to accept because, as he expressed himself, appended to a high sounding name and a long and glittering purse.

It was one evening in the latter part of August, when Charles had been absent two years and no note had Mary heard of him, that she poured into my ears the tale of sorrow that was wearing away her life.

She expressed a wish to walk forth and look once more upon the bright green earth and star illuminated vault above. Take my arm, said she, and we will seek your arbor—there I have often conversed with a mind that knew no evil thought—whose soul was possessed of a seraph's purity, and which delighted to converse of the love and mercy of an all-wise God?

She seated herself in the arbor—"Here, said she, 'let me rest—I am weary—Look you at the bright moon and you undimmed star as they roll through their azure bed. Once I knew no more sorrow than they. But Charles forgot, he abandoned—Her utterance failed her, and a pearly tear stole from his dark eye, and rested on a cheek that rivaled the snow in its transparent whiteness. 'Let me weep now,' said she, 'this is the last time I shall ever enjoy or walk abroad in this world—I feel that the time is short until I shall be at home in heaven and I shall meet him there.'

"And on earth again and now your are mine—mine for ever. I have done away the objections of your parent"—said Charles throwing himself at her feet.

—But it was too late. She uttered not a word nor did a tear tell that the fountain of joy was unsealed. She closed her eyes, & then as though suddenly breaking from some horrid dream, she passed her hand quickly across her high ideal brow apparently to break the bright visions that were thronging there, and exclaimed—"Charles did not forget and I am happy again—But I have been deceived. My father—yet I forgive him? Here emotions overpowered her, she leaned her head on his shoulder for support.

The whole truth rushed at once upon Charles' mind, but he forgot to speak at that time upon so painful a subject. He handed her a harp and requested her to play the air they both so much loved. She complied and as the mournful notes of her soft melodious voice mingled with the rich tones of her harp and floated away upon the balmy evening air, so pure so holy did she seem that I could have her the inhabitant of another and better world than this.—She seemed not she was not formed for earth; already her pure spirit seemed to have found its rest above.

At length her voice ceased and we thought she rested. But it was the calm quiet rest of death.—So softly had her mild spirit taken its departure that we knew it not; it seemed but the repose of a peaceful slumber and yet the lovely the pure, and beautiful Mary was no more!

As I stood alone by her grave and the incidents of her life passed before my mind.—Alas I exclaimed, ambition ill directed ambition, what hast thou not done! From the opposite side of the cypress next the grave, a voice filled with grief fell upon my ear and ejaculated "Thou hast murdered my daughter!—yes it was my ambition; desire to excel, in the vanities of this world, that murdered thee my poor Mary!"

It was her father—and the cold dews of the night fell thick on his white locks as he sat repentant by the grave of his murdered child.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. An old gentleman felt severe against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up to Boltcourt, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiesig, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schleffel lectures, at the age of 72, extempore in Latin, with his snuff box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

From the New York Mercury. AN AMUSING SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY.

Whoever travels through any of the New England States, and twice as he journeys the eccentricities of some of the natives, cannot fail to be amused and may if he choose, derive many new ideas in respect to etymology and diversity of character.

Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback, from the eastern part of Massachusetts for the Green Mountains of Vermont. While traveling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods, of some five miles in length and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should ever be blest with the sight of a human habitation, but as all things must have an end, so at last had the woods, and the nut brown house of a farmer greeted his vision.—Near the road was a tall raw boned, overgrown lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his tow breeches was amply made up for behind: his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark grape vine and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was of dingy white felt—poor thing! it had once evidently seen better days; but now, alas it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top in or the lad's expanding genius had burst it out, was difficult to tell; any ratel it was missing—and through the apertured hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short, he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld.

Our travelling friend, feeling an itching to scrape acquaintance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse, and began—
"Hallow, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"
Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg and replied:
"Hullo yourself! how'd dew? wall I juss can.—Taint neir so fur now as it used to be afore they cut the woods a way—then 'twas generally reckoned four mile, but now the sun shrivels up the road and don't make mo'ra' law. The fust house you come to, though is a barn, and the next is a hay stack; but old Hoskin's house is on byant. You be sure to meet his gals long before you git there tarna' rompin critture, they plague our folks mortal little. His sheep git in our pasture every day, and his gals in our orchard. Had sets the dog after the sheep and ne arter the gals and the way he makes the wool, and I the pellicose fly, is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious young man, pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"
"I never 'tows any body to meddle with my grass tanglers, mistur; but seens' it's you I'll tell ye. I was born so at my tickers request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer, and t'other on land, & not lop over; besides it is very convenient when I mow round a side' hill."

"Very good, indeed—how do your potatoes come on this year?"
"They don't come at all; I digs 'em out there's an everlastin snarl of 'em in each hill!"

"But they are small, I perceive."
"Yees, I know it—you see we planted some whappin' blue noses over in that ere patch there, and they flourished so all freely that these ere stoped growin' jist for spite; cause they know they could'n begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."
"The looks aint nothin'; it's all in the behaviour. This ere hat was my religious Sunday-go-to-meetin hat, and its jist as chook full of piety now, as a dog is full of fleas. I've got a better one to hum but I don't dig taters in it, no how you have been in these parts some time I should guess!"

"I guess so tew. I was burn'd and got my brot'n up in that ere house; but my native place is down in Pordonk."

"Then you say it is about three and a half miles to the next house?"
"Yis sir, 'twas a spell ago, and I dent believe it much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good by."

"Good by to ye—that's a darn slick mare of yours."

There reader—there is a Jonathan for you of the first water. You don't find his equal every where—

WHO WANTS TO BE ROASTED.—It is an indisputable fact that there is no more certain road to wealth and prosperity than by the way of persecucion. In other words if you want to exalt a man serve him as you do coffee, i. e. roast him. That will bring out his good qualities.

A QUICK WAY TO GET RICH.—A Miss Ingram, of Pontiac, some time since was perusing a Texas paper, and observed among the persons who bore a prominent part in the affairs of that government, a man bearing her own name, and jocosely remarked to her companions that she had found a namesake in Texas, and intended to write to him and claim relationship. This resolution, more from curiosity and a desire of novelty than from any conviction that bar hopes would be realized, was carried into effect. She wrote him a respectful letter, giving him a history of her family and parentage, and suggesting that as the name was not as common as most of the names of our country, the probability was strong that a relationship existed between them. She received in reply a friendly and affectionate letter, acknowledging her as a cousin, and expressing an earnest desire that the correspondence might be continued.

This was readily acceded to, and it was carried on agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties, until very recently, when she received intelligence of his death, and information that in his will he had bequeathed her the handsome sum of \$20,000 in gold and silver, leaving his personal property and immense landed estates to his relatives in that country. A few days previous to the reception of this joyful communication, she had connected her fortunes with those of a Methodist clergyman, and should their deeds of charity comport with their means, the widow's heart will be filled with joy, and many an orphan live to implore blessings upon the heads of their benefactors, for their deeds of benevolence and generosity.—Michigan Northern Advocate.

INTERESTING RELIC.—The Hartford Observer says, that the drum in which was used by the fathers of Farmington, Conn., as an appendage to the meeting house instead of a bell, is still in existence, and might, had it been produced in season and refitted, have been used to call together the assembly at the recent celebration; after having lain silent and neglected for perhaps more than a century might again have sent its stirring roll along the streets, which were once familiar with its sound—and have called together the children of those who gladly heave its summons on each returning Sabbath, calling them to the house of God.—The drum is very large and heavy. We have not learned that the hour-glass has yet been found.

VERY HANDY.—The editor of the New Orleans Crescent thus announces a new invention:—We saw some time ago an invention named, by which the pendulum of a musical clock attached to a cradle would rock it and the music sooth a baby to sleep Our friend Trap las improved this by additions which keeps the flies off the child while sum'ering and whips it whenever it cries.

GOING IT STRONG.—A foreign journal says that a gentleman of fortune, in Berkshire, who kept three servant maids, was married to one of them on last Friday week and on Saturday his two sons followed his example by marrying the other two.

GO IT, DADDIES.—A boxing match took place not long ago at Dieppe, between two old men, one 75 and the other 78 years of age. The latter was much hurt. The two seconds were octogenarians.

THE PRICE OF AN ANKLE.—The husband of a lady named Pratt, whose leg was broken at the ankle, in consequence of the starting of a Boston omnibus, fitted to which she was stepping, has received fifteen hundred dollars damages.

READ AND REB.—"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he, "A new novel is read because it is interesting; and you are interesting because you are red."

A CAPITAL HINT.—"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out HERE."

THANKGIVING IN JAIL.—Sixty prisoners confined in the Jail at New Bedford, Mass. etc upwards of a hundred turkeys and chickens, besides the "variations," on last thanksgiving day.

BURNER HILL MONUMENT.—The proceeds of the Ladies Fair given in Boston in aid of the monument fund amounted to \$30,000 which added to the Ellsler and other donations, makes a total of \$32,755 presented to the monument society.

LARGE GAME. A few days since some of the sportsmen in Vermont, had a bear hunt, and one of the party succeeded in killing one of the animal which weighed over six hundred pounds.

"I go for one Term," as the fellow said, when he was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.